



John Quincy Adams, Sixth President.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born in Braintree, (now Quincy,) Mass., July 11th, 1767. From both father and mother he imbibed in infancy, an ardent love of liberty, and grew up a patriot from the cradle. In his eleventh year, he accompanied his father on his mission to France, where he remained for a year

and a half, enjoying the friendship and parental intercourse of Dr. Franklin, who conceived a strong liking for him, which continued through life.

In 1780, he again visited Europe, in company with his father, traveling through France, Holland, a part of Spain, etc. The next year, Mr. Francis Dana, minister

to Russia, selected him as his private secretary. After remaining fourteen months in St. Petersburg, he returned through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and Bremen, to Holland, reaching the Hague in April, 1783. He remained in Europe until 1785, when he returned to the United States to finish his education. He entered Harvard College, and graduated in 1787. He then went to Newburyport, where he completed his law studies with Chief-Justice Parsons, and removed to Boston to practice his profession.

Mr. Adams had been a close observer of political events, and in 1793, upon the breaking out of hostilities between Great Britain and France, he published a series of papers to prove that the just policy of the United States was neutrality in this contest. Shortly afterward the proclamation of neutrality by George Washington, sanctioned by all his cabinet, was published, containing precisely the same views as those put forth by Mr. Adams: views which, from that time, have continued to be the basis of our foreign policy. During the two or three years following, Mr. Adams wrote many anonymous essays on the politics of his country, which attracted great attention, and established their author as a statesman and political economist. General Washington had made particular inquiries as to their author, and in 1796, appointed him minister resident at the Netherlands, where he remained about two years. Toward the close of General Washington's administration, he appointed Mr. Adams minister to Portugal; but while on his way there, his father, having succeeded Washington in the presidency, changed his destination to Prussia. Having negoti-

ated a treaty of commerce, he returned in 1801.

The next year he was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts from the district of Boston, and in 1803, was chosen by the Legislature, United States' Senator. He agreed, in particular, with Mr. Jefferson on the subject of the embargo; and for this was censured by a vote of the Massachusetts Legislature. In consequence of this, not choosing to continue to represent a constituency differing with him in opinion, he resigned his seat in the Senate. Previous to his resignation in the Senate, he had been appointed professor of rhetoric and oratory in Harvard College, where he delivered a series of lectures on the art of speaking well.

In 1809 Mr. Adams was appointed minister to Russia, being the first full ambassador sent from the United States to that country. Mr. Adams, with James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin, signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain at Ghent, in 1814. In 1815 Mr. Adams was appointed minister to Great Britain, and served until 1817, when President Monroe appointed him Secretary of State, in which office he remained eight years.

In 1824 Mr. Adams was chosen President of the United States, and was succeeded by Jackson in 1829. Having been forty years in the service of his country, he was, in 1830, elected to the House of Representatives, to which post he was regularly re-elected until 1848, when he died, February 23d, as it were, on the very floor of the house, and while discharging his duty to his country, aged eighty-one.



The Tame Pigeon.

IN its natural state, the Pigeon is of a deep bluish ash color; the breast dashed with a fine changeable green and purple; its wings marked with two black bars; and the tail barred near the end with black. These are the colors of the Pigeon in a state of nature, though a great variety in its form and color has been produced by the art of man. The Stockdove usually builds in holes of rocks, or in excavated trees. Its murmuring note at morning and dusk is highly pleasing.

The Dovehouse Pigeon breeds every month, laying two eggs which most usually produce young ones of different sexes. From three or four o'clock in the evening, till nine the next day, the female sits on the eggs: she is then relieved by the male, who takes his place from ten

till three, while his mate is feeding abroad. The incubation continues eighteen or twenty days. If, during this term, the female delays to return at the expected hour, the male follows and drives her to the nest, and should he in his turn be dilatory, she retaliates with equal severity.

The hen Pigeon, however, is so constant to her eggs, that one, whose legs were frozen and dropped off, continued to sit, notwithstanding the pain which she endured with the loss of her limbs, till her young were hatched. Her legs were frozen by her nest being too near the entrance of the dovecote, and consequently exposed to the cold.

The young ones, when hatched, require no food for the first three days, only wanting to be kept warm. This care of them the female now takes entirely

upon herself. During this period she never stirs out, except for a few minutes to take a little food. From this they are fed for eight or ten days with corn or grain of different kinds, which the old ones gather in the fields, and keep treasured up in their crops, to supply their greedy demands.

Most birds drink by sipping at intervals; the Pigeon takes a long continued draught, like a quadruped.

Those Pigeons which are called Carriers, and are used to convey letters, are easily distinguished from all others by their eyes, which are surrounded by a broad circle of naked white skin, and by being of a dark blue or blackish color. It is from their attachment to their native place and the place where they have brought up their young, that these birds are employed as the most expeditious Carriers. They are first brought from the place where they were bred, and whither it is the intention to send them back with information. The letter is tied under the bird's wing, and after feeding it well, lest it should stop by the way to eat, it is let loose to return. The little creature no sooner finds itself at liberty, than the passion for its native spot guides all its motions. It is seen upon these occasions, flying directly into the clouds to an amazing height, and then with the greatest certainty and exactness darting by some surprising instinct toward home, which lies sometimes at many miles distance. It is said that, in the space of an hour and a half, they sometimes perform a journey of forty miles.

The varieties of the tame Pigeon are very numerous. There are many species of the wild Pigeon differing from the

Stockdove. The RINGDOVE is of the number, a good deal larger than the former, and building its nest with a few dry sticks in the boughs of trees. This seems a bird, much fonder of its native freedom than the former; and frequent attempts to render it domestic have hitherto proved fruitless. Their eggs have been hatched by the tame pigeon in a dove-house, yet as soon as the young birds could fly, they always betook themselves to the woods where they were first produced. This is the largest Pigeon of England, it being eighteen inches in length. It derives its name from a beautiful white circle round the neck.—*Parley's Ornithology*.

Antony's Nose.

I THINK I have had something to say about the Hudson River before, and have told you how it was discovered by an English navigator in the service of some merchants of Holland. And how it took him twenty-two days to sail up as far as Albany. He was struck with the beauty of the scenery along its banks, and especially the high and frowning rocks, which rise perpendicularly, almost, from the water, several hundred feet high. Although that was a long time ago, these rocks have lost none of their beauty, while every thing else along the river has greatly changed. A great many curious names have been given to different points of these rocks. Among these are "*Old Cro' Nest*," because, afar off, it looked like the nest of a crow, and "*Antony's Nose*" which you see in the picture. It received this queer name a long time ago—so long that it is not known with



any degree of certainty why it was so called. Mr. FREEMAN HUNT, editor of the Merchant's Magazine, tells the following story about it.

"Before the revolution, a vessel was passing up the river, under the command of a Captain Hogans; when immediately opposite this mountain, the mate looked rather quizzically, first at the mountain, and then at the captain's nose. The captain, by-the-way, had an enormous nose, which was not unfrequently the subject of good-natured remark; and he at once understood the mate's allusion: "What," says the captain, "does that look like my nose? call it then, if you please, Antony's Nose." The story was repeated on shore, and the mountain thenceforward assumed the name, and has thus become an everlasting monument to the memory of the redoubtable Capt. Antony Hogans and his nose.

The elevation of Antony's Nose, is one thousand two hundred and twenty-eight feet from the level of the river, and directly opposite Fort Montgomery Creek. Washington Irving supposes its name to be derived from the nose of Antony Van Corlaer.

I said, these rocks have lost none of their beauty. But I forgot one thing. You see that locomotive with cars attached to it, dashing along there. That is something new — something that Hudson never dreamed. A railroad company has tunneled the "Nose," and the track passes through or under it. You know what a tunnel is, I suppose? It is a canal, or something like it, cut through the solid rock, to enable the cars to pass through. It is a great deal of work to make one, and costs much money, and it

seems rather odd to see a locomotive with its fiery mouth issuing from Capt. Antony Hogan's Nose, even if it is only a rock!

The Old School-House.

ONCE, in traveling, I saw a very old building. It appeared to be falling into ruins. No smoke issued from its broken chimney. No foot crossed its grass-grown threshold. The casements were gone, and through their vacant places, the wind whistled, and the rain fell.

I asked, "what is this building, which is thus suffered to decay?" They answered, "a school-house. But a part of its materials have been used to build a better one, in a more convenient spot, for the village children."

So I paused there, a little time, to meditate. And I said to myself, what a variety of scenes may have past, within these tottering walls. Where are the teachers, who in years gone by, sat in the chair of state, and ruled, and gave instruction?

In yonder corner, perhaps, was a low bench, for the little ones conning their alphabet. Those little ones have grown up,—grown gray, and died. The babes whom they rocked in the cradle, have shown the same tenderness to their own babes. "One generation passeth away and another cometh."

Beneath those windows, where that trim old sycamore looked in, with all its show of green leaves, waving and gossiping in the breeze of summer, I imagine a row of young girls, with their sunny locks, knitting, sewing, or listening with

serious faces, while the mistress taught them what it was necessary for them to know, when they became women.

The snows of winter seem to spread around. The frozen pond in the rear of the school-house, is covered with boys. The clock strikes nine. They hasten to their school. The narrow entry rings with the jingle of their skates, as they throw them down. One or two, who love play better than study, approach with more lingering steps.

Methinks I see their ruddy faces, as they take their seats. The master raises a stern eye at their clamor, or stifled laughter, and commands them to write their copies, or attend to their sums. But the treatise of arithmetic is thumbed, and the grammar lesson curled into dog's ears, by those whose roving thoughts are among their winter sports.

Then there was the long sigh of indolence, and the tears of such as were punished. And there was impatience there, and ambition, and hope, and the kindlings of intellect, and the delights of knowledge. The master endeavors to rule each for their good, as the wise magistrate restrains the people by laws.

I fancy that I behold that teacher walking homeward, weary and thoughtful when the day was done. He felt sadness for those who did not improve, and over those who did, he rejoiced with a peculiar love.

Perhaps he repeated mournfully the words of the prophet, "I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for naught;" And a voice from heaven, answered in his heart, "Yet surely thy judgment is with the Lord, and thy work with thy God."

Old school-house!—couldst thou speak, I doubt not thou wouldst tell me, that eminent men have been nurtured in thee; ingenious mechanics, on whom the comfort of the community depends; athletic farmers, laying the forest low, and forcing earth to yield her increase; physicians whom the sick sufferer blesses: eloquent lawyers, wise statesmen, holy priests, who interpret the word of the Almighty.

I wish that the school-houses in our country were more commodious and tasteful in their construction, more spacious, and airy, surrounded with trees, or beautified with shrubbery. When some of the boys, who read this book, become men, perhaps they will build such a school-house, and present it to the children of their town.

But it is not so important in what kind of a building we go to school, as what we learn, and how we behave while we are there. Very good things have been learned, in poor and rude edifices.

There was once a benevolent man, who went in a ship to the great island, or continent, of New Holland. He found multitudes of children, growing up neglected and ignorant. He wished much to have them taught. But there was no school-house.

So he collected them under a spreading tree, whose branches could shelter at least one hundred, from the heat of the sun. He hung cards, with painted lessons among the boughs. And there he taught the poor colonists, to read, to spell, and to sing.

There are very beautiful birds in that country. Many of them had nests in this large tree. So, there they were, flying about, and tending their young, while the

children were learning below; and the chirping of the new fledged birds, and the warbling of their parents, and the busy voices of the children, learning to be

good, made sweet music in the heart of that benevolent man. Did they not ascend, and mingle with the praises of angels, around the throne.—*Book for Boys.*



My Grandfather and the Boy Soldiers.

Boys, who among you have never wished to be a soldier, when you heard the fife and drum, and saw the prancing horses, and the gay uniforms, and waving plumes of the men, as they marched along the street. Who among you never stuck a feather in your cap, and sported a wooden sword by your side, and teased your papa until he bought you a nice little drum? I know all about it boys:—I know how eagerly I ran after the “trainers” when I was young, and how I longed to be a man that I might be a soldier too.

Look at the picture. There is an old man—he is very old—though he has become quite animated, in talking over the scenes of other times. See, he has a wooden leg. He lost his own in battle

while fighting in the Revolution, for the liberties of our country—the liberty you and I now enjoy. The boys, too, how eagerly they listen. They are deeply interested in what he is saying. You may know by the feathers in that little fellow’s cap, and those queer shaped military hats that some of them have on, that he is telling them a story about war, and about soldiers. It is my grandfather—You didn’t know, I suppose. He was a pleasant old gentleman, and was very fond of boys, and loved to please them, by telling stories about the “old war” as he called it. He was in a great many battles, and received many wounds—the last of which was at Yorktown, when a cannon ball took off his leg. That’s a feat of “soldiery” you would n’t like, boys, would you? He is

unable to move around much, so he sits in his great arm chair, and children gather around him. He delights to see them with their feathers, and the soldier caps, and their little drums and swords. And then he tells them about Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Trenton — and the sufferings of the army, during the cold winter at Valley Forge. And when he speaks of the great WASHINGTON, he seems to think himself young again, and back among the scenes of his earlier days, when he fought by his side. The boys listen — they, too, become animated, and so the feelings of the aged man are mingled with those of his youthful auditors, and all enjoy it right heartily. Poor old man.— He will soon leave us. It is a long, long time since the revolution, and all who were engaged in it, and who yet live, have grown old — very old. There are but few of them left among the living. Treat them reverently, boys, to such we owe the liberty we enjoy in this fair land. It was earned by their toils, their sacrifices and their blood — it was earned by their much suffering, and their endurance of every hardship. We cannot repay them, except with gratitude to their memory, and by pursuing unimpaired, that liberty for which they fought.

But let me tell you, boys, as much as you admire the dancing feathers, the glittering swords, and the gay uniform of the soldiers — as much as you are excited by the drum and the fife — as much as you are delighted with the prancing of the horses, all covered over with bright trappings, war is a bad business, and the life of a soldier a miserable one. Never think of fighting, except when your country calls for your services, in a just cause.

E. E. B.

Lucy Gray.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And, when I crossed the Wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the Fawn at play,
The Hare upon the Green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father ! will I gladly do ;
’T is scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb ;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;

But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the Moor;
And thence they saw the Bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and turning homeward, cried,
“In Heaven we all shall meet:”
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those foot-marks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome Wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks
through the most frozen ground at last;
and the heart which seeks another’s heart
never seeks in vain.

Little Daffydowndilly.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

DAFFYDOWNDILLY was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best, affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character: and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than any body else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys and big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school-room with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behind with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

“This will never do for me,” thought Daffydowndilly.

"Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly visaged shoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil?"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now.

He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil: and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he

should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"O, very well, my little friend," answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stooping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" he cried. "Let us run away or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" quietly asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!"

answered Daffydowndilly. "Do n't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood on his brow: but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer, were precisely the same as those of this old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his school-room.

"Do n't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer, and people say he is the more agreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on his farm.

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil.

The two travelers had gone but a little further, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment, for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clapboards, and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-ax, a saw and plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should

have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would not dare to molest him.

But just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he, "there he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger again, quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters.—'T is my old schoolmaster, as sure as I am alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. The person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent.—And whenever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a task-master over them, and hammered, and planed away as if for dear life.

"O, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "But it is another brother of his, who follows the trade of a carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little further, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly they made what

haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gaily dressed with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums, and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music, that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward, march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay, for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword instead of a birch rod in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the school-room.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away for fear he should make us enlist in his company."

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but another brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he is a terribly severe fellow;

but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but if you please, sir, I do n't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by-and-by, they came to a house by the road side, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had met with, and it seemed to comfort him for all his disappointments.

"O, let us stop here," he cried to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"O, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale.—"It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle?"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and

generally calls himself Monsieur la Plaisir, but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best, think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray, let us go on a little further," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the corn-fields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he: "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who

was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family.

"O, take me back! — take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world oyer, I may just as well go back to the old schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is — there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger, for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a ~~reat~~ many steps, they had traveled in a circle, instead of a straight line. "Come: we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. — Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

Gymnastics, No. II.



PARALLEL BARS.

IN these exercises, the pupil should begin by raising his body by his hands, as shown in the illustration; he should then pass from one end of the bars to the other by alternately moving his hands, and next practice the same motions backward. He should afterward endeavor to pass along, by moving both hands at once, keeping his legs close and straight. In performing the swing on the bars, the pupil must support his body on his arms, and swing from the shoulders, allowing his feet to rise equally high before and behind, as in the annexed representation; at the third



swing, he should throw his body over the bar, either to the right or left, leaving hold of the opposite bar at the same instant; this he must also practice backward. In lowering the body by bending the elbows, he must gradually sink his body until his elbows are even with his

head, at the same time drawing up his feet toward his hams, but he must not allow his knees to touch the ground; he should then straighten his arms, and regain his original upright position on the bars. Another exercise may be performed thus: when the pupil is in the position represented in the first figure, the right elbow should be lowered to the bar, and after that the left; the right arm should then be lifted up, then the left, and the first position resumed.



THE INCLINED BOARD.

The inclined board should be two feet wide, about two inches thick, and rather rough on the upper surface. The pupil must take hold of both sides of the plank with his hands, and placing his feet flat in the middle, ascend by moving his hands and feet alternately. The board may make an angle of about thirty degrees with the ground during the first attempts; but when the gymnast has through practice, acquired power and precision in his movements, it may be raised until it is almost perpendicular. When the plank is thus slightly, or not at all inclined, the body should be curved inward, and the legs thrust up, so that the highest leg is nearly even with the hand. In descending, small and quick movements should be made both with the hands and feet.

Editor's Table.

Politics.

TIT is not the object of the CASKET to meddle with Politics, but we cannot resist the temptation of raising our flag, with all the rest, so that people can see that we are not afraid to show where we are. The political principles of the CASKET amount to about this: the greatest amount of *real* happiness to the whole juvenile family; and as, in our opinion, the candidates at present nominated for the presidency, by all parties, scarcely so much as think of the young folks, in their political designs, and as the young make up so large and important a class in community, we think some one should be selected who will faithfully represent *them*; in short, that there should be a "young people's" candidate; and so, with the approval of all whom we have yet consulted, we nominate

PETER PARLEY

as the children's candidate for the presidency in 1853, and expect from them a full and triumphant vote in his favor. We could give many reasons why he should be elected, but he is too well known to make it necessary.—Every one knows "PETER PARLEY." Three cheers for the Children's Candidate!

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The verses entitled "The Old School-House," would not exactly answer our purpose, which we are sorry for, for more reasons than one. Much obliged to its author, nevertheless.

"Drinking," by "Tom," is a sad narrative truly, yet not in quite the proper form for the CASKET. The "Anagram," by "C. K. G. B.," is not exactly the thing. Please try again, and perhaps you can do better.

We have a great number of Enigmas, &c., on hand, which we shall publish as soon as we can find room for them. So be patient, little friends, and you will appear, in time.

ENIGMA NO. XXXI.

I am composed of 13 letters. My 6, 4, 5, 12, 8, 3, is a city built on seventy Islands. My 1, 2, 7, 5, 8, 3, is a fruit. My 13, 12, 11, is a fluid necessary to life. My 10, 9, 9, 3, 11, is an amphibious animal valuable for its fur. My whole is a sovereign.

ESMERALDA.

ENIGMA NO. XXXII.

I am composed of 13 letters. My 10, 9, 11, 11, 12, 8, is something we should cheerfully learn. My 13, 7, 11, 9, is a part of the face. My 5, 4, 11, 11, 2, was an Italian poet. My 9, 4, 3, 10, is a title of nobility. My 1, 7, 3, 11, 9, is a very useful animal. My 8, 2, is an adverb. My whole is a name that does immortal honor to the British navy.

LUCILLE.

ENIGMA NO. XXXIII.

I am composed of 24 letters. My 21, 22, 16, 23, 20, 16, is a city in China. My 10, 7, 8, 9, 24, 12, 13, 24, 10, is a city in the United States. My 3, 10, 15, 16, 8, 24, is a country in Europe. My 24, 10, 11, 24, is one of the upper Lakes. My 17, 2, 1, 2, 10, 16, is a city in the State of New York. My 1, 24, 6, 4, 5, 12, 13, is a city in Maine. My 19, 24, 16, 14, 21, 24, is a city in Italy. My 18, 20, 16, is a river in Russia. My whole is the name of a Publication printed in the city of Buffalo.

L. M. R.

PUZZLE NO. II.

My 1st is found in Russia. My 2nd is found in Frussia. My 3d is found in Italy. My 4th is found in Turkey. My 5th is found in Lisbon. My 6th is found in France. My 7th is found in Spain. My 8th is found in Ireland. My 9th is found in Germany. My 10th is found in Konigsburg. My 11th is found in Sweden. My whole is a venomous reptile.

CHARLES BACON.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

We have received answers to Enigmas from "Esmieralda," "Lizette," "Rosa," "Ida," and "Emma." They were all correct.

ENIGMA NO. XXVI.—Marquis Lafayette.

ENIGMA NO. XXVII.—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

ENIGMA NO. XXVIII.—Sabbath School.

ENIGMA NO. XXIX.—Our glorious Independence

ENIGMA NO. XXX.—Adoniram Judson.

RIDDLE NO. I.—Thornapple.